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*the Anti-Slavery*  
**BURKE'S ADDRESS**

T O

**The "SWinish" Multitude!**

Tune "*Derry down, down,*" &c.

**Y**E vile SWinish Herd, in the Sty of Taxation,  
What would ye be after?—disturbing the Nation?  
Give over your grunting—Be off—To your Sty!  
Nor dare to look out, if a KING passes by:

Get ye down! down! down!—Keep ye down!

Do ye know what a KING is? By *Patrick* I'll tell you;  
He has power in his pocket, to buy you and sell you;  
To make you all Soldiers, or keep you at work;  
To hang you, and cure you for Ham or Salt Pork!

Get ye down! &c.

Do you think that a KING is no more than a Man?  
Ye Brutish, Ye Swinish, irrational Clan?  
I swear by his Office, his Right is divine,  
To flog you, and feed you, and treat you like Swine!

Get ye down! &c.

To be sure, I have said—but I spoke it abrupt—  
That "the State is *defective*, and also *corrupt*."  
Yet remember I told you with caution to peep,  
For *Swine* at a distance We prudently keep—

Get ye down! &c.

Now the *Church* and the *State*, to keep each other warm,  
Are married together. And where is the harm?  
How healthy and wealthy are Husband and Wife!  
But *Swine* are excluded the conjugal Life—

Get Ye down! &c.

The *State*, it is true, has grown fat upon SWINE,  
And *Church*'s weak Stomach on TYTHE-PIG can dine;  
But neither, you know, as they roast, at the fire,  
Have a right to find fault with the *Cooks*, or enquire.

Get Ye down! &c.

"What use do we make of your Money"—You say?  
Why, the first law of Nature:—*We take our own Pay*—  
And next on our Friends a few *Pensions* bestow—  
And to you we apply when our *Treasure* runs low.

Get ye down! &c.

Consider our *Boroughs*, Ye grumbling SWINE!  
At Corruption and Taxes, they never repine:  
If we only *Proclaim*, "YE ARE HAPPY!"—They say  
"*WE ARE Happy!*"—Believe and be *Happy* as they!

Get ye down! &c.

What know ye of COMMONS, of KINGS, or of LORDS,  
But what the dim *Light* of TAXATION affords?  
Be contented with that—and no more of your rout:  
Or a new *Proclamation* shall muzzle your Snout!

Get ye down! &c.

And now for the *SUN*—or the *LIGHT OF THE DAY*!  
"It doth not belong to a *PIT*?"—You will say.  
I tell you be silent, and hush all your Jars:  
Or he'll charge you a *Farthing* a-piece for the Stars.

Get ye down! &c.

Here's *MYSELF*, and *His Darkness*, and *Harry Dundass*;  
*Scotch*, *English*, and *Irish*, with Fronts made of Brass—  
A cord platted three-fold will stand a good pull,  
Against *SAWNEY*, and *PATRICK*, and old *Johnny Bull*!!!

Get ye down! &c.

To conclude: Then no more about MAN and his RIGHTS,  
*TOM PAINÉ*, and a Rabble of *Liberty Lights*;  
That you are but our "SWINE," if ye ever forget,  
We'll throw you alive to the HORRIBLE PIT!

Get ye down! down! down!—Keep ye down!

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\* The following Passage is extracted verbatim from MR. BURKE'S *Reflections on the French Revolution*, p. 117. "Along with its natural Protectors and Guardians, Learning will be cast into the mire, and trodden down under the hoofs of a *Swinish* Multitude."